"a dancing sword of hardened steel!"

PG-13 for violence, pure indulgent angel vs. demon fight scene basically. Uriel versus some demon in the days before SPN. (I had rock music and I had an idea.)

**zekkass**

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**PG-13 for violence, pure indulgent angel vs. demon fight scene**

Uriel has sent the garrison home ahead of him, as what remains here is a greater demon, and they can be annoying but not difficult, and he *knows* he can destroy it without injury to himself.

It's not the first greater demon that he has faced, and it won't be the last. Not if Uriel knows what to expect from Hell, and he's certain that *that* realm will never stop forging demons into destructive forces in an attempt to create soldiers that could equal the angels on the battlefield.

Uriel brandishes his blade, wings open and holding him up above the ground. This demon is large, unwieldy and so slow that Uriel wonders at how it could ever be considered a threat.

And then its hooved feet tear at the soil, and the chariot the rest of its body is riding in groans as weight is shifted, and then there is hellfire arcing through the air, spraying out in an almost complete arc.

Uriel flies higher, as quickly as he can, but he is still caught by it, and feathers are singed as the unnatural flame bites at him.

Uriel hisses at the pain, glares down at the hulking beast, and as it rears back to spray flame once again he readies his sword, gives up on a humanoid form in favor of something he is more used to: dull-red swords flowing into a shape that focuses his strength into a single blow.

And then he dives at his target, using gravity and his own speed to impale the beast through, ripping it apart as he raises bright fire around himself to deflect the hellflames.

The greater demon's flesh twists under the strain, then bursts open, spilling great black fluids that melt the earth where they land, but Uriel's fires purify the acid before it affects him, and he flies up in preparation for another blow.

The beast is wailing in pain and fear, and its chariot is collapsed, leaving it to flail helplessly at the ground, but still it spews fires and acid at Uriel, bile that purifies as he dives in again.

This time as he tears it apart, he sets it ablaze, purifying the demonic taint from its warped flesh and freeing the numerous human souls that had been forged into it along with their flesh.

There is the sound of unearthly wails, of screams and then air being moved as Uriel's form flickers, shifting back from swords and fire to a humanoid form that yet remains too angelic to convince any human that Uriel is normal, even without the wings.

Uriel sheathes his sword, beating his wings and beginning the long ascent to Heaven. It will be a long, lonely flight, but he looks back to see the purified corpse and knows that it was worth it.